

Whether Common or Not.



Cannin' Times.

Ev'rybody's got t' hustle, peelin' fruit from sun t' sun,
F'r th' summer's in th' middle an' th' cannin' time's begun.
An' it's sortin' out crab apples, an' it's pickin' berries, too,
While ma is washin' fruit jars, an' th' kettles' full o' stew

An' pa is busy buyin' fruit an' sugar ev'ry day,
'Cause ma says fruit is better canned th' good ol'-fashioned way.
An' I help her 'lith th' peelin', mighty thankful 'at I am
A partner 'lith my mother, cannin' things an' makin' jam.

Pa says it's boun' t' break him, buyin' sugar by th' ton,
But ma jus' laughs an' says 'at pa is only havin' fun,
An' that he's jus' as fond o' fruit as any man can be—
Though not no fonder than a boy I know—an' that is me.

My, how ma works an' hustles 'roun', she's up afore it's light
A peelin', pittin', corin' things until long after night.
An' I am full o' joy an' fruit an' happy as a clam,
When ma begins a-cannin' things an' makin' jell an' jam.

Th' work is purty hard sometimes, th' kitchen's awful hot
With apple butter steam in clouds a raisin' from th' pot,
An' crabs a sim'r'in' on th' stove with rather sourish smell,

A cookin' all th' juices out t' boil down into jell;
An' me a-workin' back an' forth a paddle made o' oak
A-stirrin' apple butter till my back is nearly broke—

But munchin' juicy apples I'm so thankful 'at I am
A partner in th' business, cannin' things an' makin' jam.

Purty hot now, but nex' winter when there's lots o' ice an' snow
It'll be a mighty comfort f'r a feller jus' t' know

That th' cellar's full o' goodies—cans a settin' roun' in rows

Waitin' f'r my ma t' open when the blizzard howls an' blows,

Or when school is out I hustle t' get home mighty quick,

'Cause ma 'll meet me 'lith a piece, th' jam on good an' thick.

Jus' think o' days a-comin'! Any wonder 'at I am

So willin' t' help mother cannin' things an' makin' jam?



A Great Discovery.

The inveterate smoker rushed into the office with a smile upon his face.

"Made a great discovery!" he shouted. "I'll go down in history as a benefactor of the race."

Naturally we asked him about it.

"Instead of reserving the three rear seats of the open cars for smokers I will have the three seats in front so reserved."

"But that will allow the smoke to blow back into the faces of the women," we protested.

Then the inveterate smoker looked on us with a pitying smile.

"Not so," said he. "When the three seats in

front are reserved the women will flock to them, and then we smokers can use the three rear seats."

Then it was we recognized the fact that our friend knew a thing or two about women.



The Wise Guy.

"Made a pile of money on the races yesterday," said the Wise Guy.

"Did you have a tip?"

"No; just used common sense. Saw a horse named Perspiration entered for the free-for-all and put my money on him. And Perspiration ran freely."



Same Fellow.

One thing I notice as the world

I slowly travel through—

The man who growls about the heat

Is the same man I'd always meet

Kicking when cold winds blow.



A Sensible Verdict

"You admit that you killed this man?" queried the stern judge.

"I do," admitted Mr. S. Pace Filler, the writer.

"Have you anything to say in your own defense?" asked the judge.

Mr. S. Pace Filler's face lighted up with a smile, and turning to the jury, he said:

"Gentlemen, I spent weary and torrid hours writing a joke calculated to make millions laugh and forget the hot weather. My victim was the foreman on the paper. With malice aforethought he deliberately and premeditatedly mixed my joke up with an obituary notice, and—"

"Enough!" cried the judge.

And a few minutes later the jury rendered a verdict of "justifiable homicide."



Uncle Eben.

"It has been my experience," remarked Uncle Eben, as he turned the cabbage-leaf in his hat and took a fresh chew of finecut, "that th' man that works hardest tryin' t' keep cool is th' man that does th' most perspirin', an' that th' feller that grumbles most about th' work he has t' do is the feller that raises th' weediest corn."



But

Mr. Morgan has his millions, while I have nothing—but Mr. Morgan's stomach will not submit to boiled cabbage, and mine delights therein.

Mr. Rockefeller has more money than he can haul in a hay wagon, while I could haul mine in a matchbox—but I get more fun out of a week's salary than he does out of a year's dividends.

Mr. Carnegie has millions and is afraid he will die rich, while I have nothing—but I am not worried to death by solicitors.

Edward VII. rules a mighty nation, while I am only a subject—but the smiles of my rulers is the sweetest welcome I can have when I go home at night.



Strange Isn't It.

A man who can sit at a chessboard for three hours without moving a muscle, or on the bank of a creek half a day waiting for a bite, can't sit still thirty minutes in church without feeling that he has done enough work to kill a hired man.



Shop Talk.

"Lovely corn weather," said the fat passenger.

"I never talk shop," replied the little man across the aisle.

"Huh?" ejaculated the fat passenger.

Without further ado the little man held out his card. It read:

"J. Payson Smythe, Chiropodist."

—W. M. M.

Aguinaldo's Offer.

The New York World and St. Louis Post-Dispatch publish a Washington dispatch stating that during the presidential campaign last year, Aguinaldo sent messengers to Mr. Bryan offering to surrender unconditionally in case a democratic president were elected, and proposing a contribution of money from the Philippine revolutionary treasury to the democratic election funds.

The report says:

"This remarkable disclosure throws a strong light on the real attitude of the insurgent government and its leaders toward the United States.

"During Mr. Bryan's first visit to New York after his nomination at Kansas City, two agents of the Philippine republic appeared at the Hoffman House and asked to see the democratic leader. Mr. Bryan declined to receive them. The next day they returned and renewed the attempt to secure a private interview with Mr. Bryan, but again they failed to see him. They insisted that their business was of overwhelming importance, but declined to give a hint of the object of their mission.

"Later in the day they were informed that one of Mr. Bryan's friends would receive them in his behalf, but they were warned that they could not be treated with as officials of the revolutionary government, but as private individuals.

"The two delegates of the Philippine government waited on Mr. Bryan's representative at the time appointed and presented their credentials. They declared that with Mr. Bryan's approval Aguinaldo would at once issue a proclamation announcing that in the event of Mr. Bryan's election to the presidency the Philippine army would, without condition, surrender to the United States and trust the Bryan administration for a favorable form of government, founded on the principles of the constitution of the United States.

"The delegates also announced that they were authorized to offer a contribution of \$100,000 to the democratic national campaign fund. They explained that the Philippine people were convinced by the utterances of Mr. Bryan and his supporters that their only hope of justice and freedom lay in democratic success. On the other hand, the policy pursued by the McKinley administration had satisfied Aguinaldo and his people that the republican party had no intention to govern the Philippines other than as subject colonies.

"Mr. Bryan's representative informed Aguinaldo's envoys that the democratic party could have no dealings or bargains, directly or indirectly, openly or covertly, with men bearing arms against the authority of the United States. They were told that the Philippine question was being fought out as an issue of domestic politics and that the American people could thresh it out and settle it among themselves without any outside suggestions or interference.

"The democratic spokesman said that if Aguinaldo believed that his people's only hope of justice lay in Mr. Bryan's election, he should not have believed it possible that the democratic candidate would secretly traffic with armed enemies of his country. The Philippine envoys were advised to leave New York at once and to inform their government that the democratic party would have nothing to do with them.

"The two Filipinos were greatly surprised and declared that Aguinaldo's intentions were not understood. He asked for no promises, proposed no bargains and suggested nothing treasonable. All he desired to know was whether a proclamation offering to surrender to President Bryan would help or hurt the democratic party in its struggle for control of the government. Mr. Bryan's representative declined to express an opinion.

"The offer of \$100,000 was again received and was for a second time declined.

"The envoys were informed that their proposals would be considered offensive by Mr. Bryan and that if the republican managers got wind of the matter they might twist the facts into a scandal grave enough to change the result of the election. The Filipinos were deeply disappointed, but immediately left New York and went to Toronto, Canada, to communicate the answer of the democratic leader to Aguinaldo."